STARVING SAILORS, FROZEN AT PUMPS, RESCUED AT SEA

Schooner Julia A. Truble Is Picked Up After Twenty-Two Days' Battle with Storm.

HERALD WIRELESS SENDS AID TO VESSEL

Lumber Laden Craft, Long Overdue from Brunswick, Ga., Taken in Tow Off Barnegat.

BOOTS FROZEN ON THE MEN

Seas Sweep Decks and Crew Have Only Few Biscuits and Two Quarts of Water.

Completing a voyage of twenty-two days from Brunswick, Ga., during which her decks never were free of water, and on the last three days of which her crew labored constantly at the pumps with their clothing encased in ice and only a few biscuits and two quarts of water between them and starvation, the Julia A. Trubee, a schooner, arrived at this port yesterday in tow of the tug Hercules.

After having been long overdue, the Julia A. Trubee was heard from Sunday night when a message was received at the HERALD wireless station telling that she was in distress near Absecon lightship and was in danger of foundering unless help reached her. The HERALD conveyed the message to Captain William B. McElwee, of the Hercules, and he at once put to sea in search of her. He picked her up yesterday morning off Barnegat, hove to in the last of the gale that had been blowing all night and making such bad weather of it that every sea she dipped to swept her clean, breaking clear over her high deck load of lumber.

Captain McElwee before going close up to her was certain the schooner had been abandoned, for he was able to raise no answer to his hail. Close aboard, however, he found her crew gathered in her waist between two great piles of lumber, laboring weakly at the pumps, every man lashed to his station and two lying senseless where they had fallen. She was riding so deep that her rails were awash, and was so heavy with water that she could not rise to the seas.

Captain McElwee took her men aboard the Hercules by heaving them from a tackle rigged to the schooner's main gaff. Then he rigged hose from his own steam pumps to her wells and in a few hours had her so clear of water that she towed easily when he set out for New York with her.

On board the Hercules her crew got dinner, consisting of fresh eggs, potatoes, fresh bread and oranges. They ate it ravenously and declared when they had finished that they were sure no one in all the world had enjoyed a finer New Year's feast. They had not had a morsel of fresh food for nine days, and when the Hercules came alongside were down to a few biscuits and two quarts of water.

The Julia A. Trubee, which was built at Bath, Me., in 1880 and began her career as the Belle Higgins, sailed from Brunswick on December 9. As soon as she was clear of the harbor she ran into heavy weather and did not know a moment's respite until she passed inside of Sandy Hook yesterday.

Her captain, John Jensen, said last night that he had made the voyage practically under water. From the first day out no spot in all the vessel was dry and for only eight days of the voyage did the crew enjoy the comfort of a fire. Great seas swept the vessel constantly and there was no protection for her sailors, who perforce had to crawl from point to point on top of the deck load, for in the wells between the lumber piles the water always was breast high and so broken by the plunging of the schooner that no man would dare venture into one as long as she was under way.

In the twenty-two days of their voyage her men slept and ate in their sodden clothes and yesterday when they at last were able to change their raiment in the Hercules' engine room some of them shouted in agony when their ice encased boots were drawn from their frozen feet.

The crew which, besides Captain Jensen, consisted of his mate and cook and four sailors, was landed in South Brooklyn last night. As the men stepped ashore they gave three rousing cheers for the HERALD. Captain Jensen saying that if it had not been for the HERALD'S aid by wireless he and his men must have dropped at the pumps and perished before help reached them.

Enough Dates for All.

Whether or not the "bachelor girls" of Brooklyn consider it significant, the fact remains that yesterday, the first day of leap year, a cargo containing several million dates arrived at Pier No. 26, on the steamship Armanistan, from Sierra. The dates were shipped here for the holiday trade, but the steamship encountered heavy weather and was delayed nine days.

HUSBAND HELD AS POISONER.

Philadelphia Man Accused of Giving Wife Whiskey That Made Her Deathly Ill.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Monday.—Patrick O'Reilly, forty-two years old, is under arrest on suspicion of having tried to murder his wife, with whom he had lived for twenty years, by giving her poison in a glass of whiskey. The O'Reillys separated about a week ago. Yesterday the husband returned to his home, No. 1,840 Ridge avenue, to get some clothes, and while there, it is alleged, he poured a drink for his wife from a whiskey bottle he had in his pocket. Immediately Mrs. O'Reilly became deathly ill.

Cardinal Farley's simple home life and lovable personality are described in a complete and graphic manner in next Sunday's NEW YORK HERALD.

Rival Tongs Gather in Amity and Hail the New Chinese Republic

With Cheers and Song They Remove the Likeness of Confucius from the Shrine in the Joss House and Replace It with That of Dr. Sun—Boys and Girls Sing New Anthem of Victory and the Banner of Liberty Is Raised from the Roof.

Glorious was the orb of light, fair the sky as vase of powder blue, balmy the air as the incense of the temple, as yesterday all Chinatown hailed the new Chinese Republic.

All met in amity—the leaders of rival tongs, the followers of the Immortal Sage, the votaries of Buddha, the worshippers of the Christian missions—and with one accord raised their voices in joy over the triumph of the race of Han.

Confucius' likeness was removed from its shrine in the Public Forum back of the Joss House at No. 16 Mott street, and in its stead was placed the portrait of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, president of the People's Nation, painted by a Chinese student of the Art Students' League.

Down from the walls of the forum came the photograph of the late Imperial Viceroy of Canton, and over all was flung the banner of the Cathay that is to be.

What would have hoppened if the clouds had wept and the heavens had lowered who can say? But as it was the watchers on the balconies saw that that inverted bowl, the sky, was as clear as the glaze of Kang-hsi and were glad.

"Ho-tin ab gaw; jun ho-tin haw kwoh," they cried, which by interpretation is "Bright sky, brother, auspiciously bright; it is to rejoice."

Thus, with the augury of success above, men, women and children made holiday. To the breeze was flung that flag of freedom which has supplanted the banner of the Manchus, and here and there were also unfurled the Stars and Stripes.

Flowers from Americans.

Times have changed since Dr. Sun, an exile, on whose head a price of gold was laid, came quietly to Chinatown to tell of his hopes for the future of the "People's Nation." Only two or three months ago he was in the quarter taking counsel with his followers. He sat in the very public forum in which yesterday his portrait was in the place of high honor over what had been the altar to the Immortal Sage. On a banneret of red silk in the Chinese characters was the legend:—

"Min kwoh man suey," or "The People's Nation 10,000 Years," or paraphrased in the English idiom, "Glory and prosperity forever to our Republic, just established."

In honor of the new ruler no candles were burning as they did for Confucius in other days, but in their places were two porcelain vases filled with flowers sent by American friends, and the evergreen, verdant symbol which flourishes not save in the land of a virtuous people.

"It is to be seen," said one of the friends of the new order, "that these are lilies and roses given to us to symbolize the adoption of American civic purity and national prestige."

Boy Scout Leads Cheer.

Three oviform objects covered with enamel of pink and purple rested before the likeness of the President—the peaches of longevity—those emblems which carry the wish for many happy years. There were oranges and tangerines and preserved fruits upon an altar like table, and in the air was the perfume of a thousand blossoms.

Into the public forum came the boys and girls of the Chinese public school, where Confucianism is taught. All were in the garb of the West, although they sang and talked in the tongue of the East. To the portrait of Dr. Sun they made the tso-yup, an obeisance which brought before the eye the vision of pagodas in an ancient land and the chime of golden temple bells.

Then the swift transformation! Out of the group rushed Lee Chong, Boy Scout, with the aid which said "Come along, fellows, give them the yell."

Have you seen the sons of Eli twine themselves into knots and give vent to the catapultic praise of Yale? or have you seen the Princeton Tiger writhe and roar? Combine them and multiply by ten and the result is Lee Chong, cheer leader of th Public School of Chinatown. This is what came in response to cadence of his writhing arms and frame:—

Chung-Hua! Chung-Hua!
Hoola, Hoola!
Vivela Vivela
C—H—I—N—A
Sun-Sun-Sun!

Flag of Republic Raised.

Then the boys and girls of the Morning Star Mission sang under the direction of G. L. Lee, their teacher, a Chinese anthem to the tune of America, in which was set forth the new glory of the people of Han.

D. W. Chinn, president of the Chinese Merchants' Association, then went to the roof and raised the flag of the new republic. Jue Chue, the leader of the Young China Association, made an address which breathed the ardor of patriotism. His resonant voice echoed through the old Joss House until the shrine and the bells of bronze seemed to ring with his proclamation of the new order.

"Long have we suffered," he spoke, "under the nefarious reign of the Manchu dynasty. Those 267 years of slavish submission to them, my brothers, were 267 years of annual progressive disgrace, 267 million blots on the page of Chinese history that can only be wiped out by blood of Manuchus."

No Manchu was within hearing of his denunciation and as far as is known there is only one of the former ruling class in this country, and he a student at Cornell.

Fifty Boys and Girls Sing.

Then came the shrill notes of chek chai or cornet and to the air of "My Dream of the U. S. A.," there came in the clear, high voices of fifty boys and boys the English words:—

At Hankow we saw landing the gallant
Chinese band;
He heard the bell ring liberty and freedom through the land;
O'er battle fields he wandered where her heroes fought and fell,
Then turning to his comrades these words
I heard him tell:—
"I saw Li Yuan Hong cross the Yan-stz-
Kong with his soldiers brave and true;
"I saw General Chang surrender old
Nakin at the eight of the rebel crews;
"I saw Yuen Shi Kai give in at old Pekin,
when he saw Wong's aggresion;
And they all fought for our liberty in
my dream of the C. N. R."

It was planned that there should be a parade through the streets of the quarter and as far down as the City Hall, but there was a hitch in the arrangements for getting the police permit. So it was that the two horned unicorn, which has put the imperial dragon to flight, was not borne in triumph, as had been contemplated.

There had been no permit issued, either, for the firecrackers, but one of the newspaper photographers in exploding a flashlight set off the whole bunch of explosives which had been gathered. They fell in the street and gave an imitation of the siege of Nankin. Also they set an awning afire. There was no damage, however, and everybody was happy.

Message from Dr. Sun.

It was agreed by all the elements of Chinatown that the celebration of the beginning of the new Chinese republic should be without religious significance and merely political and therefore the picture of Confucius was relegated. There was distributed, printed in Chinese characters, a message which had come in cipher from Dr. Sun. It was as follows:—

"Having assumed the Presidency, the resolute purpose of my administration shall be the early restoration of order, the establishment of liberty. We shall ever champion its sacred cause, the advancement of civilization and the furtherance of universal peace."

News comes of the promotion of young Chinese known in this city to places of trust in China. Among them is Frank Lee, son of Tom Lee, Mayor of Chinatown, and of an American woman, who has been made Secretary of State in the Province of Canton.

THE HERALD GREETS YEAR'S FIRST SHIP

As Passengers on Board the Taormina Hold Watch Night Party Herald Wireless Brings Greetings.

The honor of being the first vessel to enter the port of New York in the year 1912 fell to the Taormina, of the Italia line, yesterday when at one o'clock in the morning she passed inside Sandy Hook and proceeded to an anchorage off Quarantine.

Her coming was known in advance at the HERALD ship news office at the Battery, and the HERALD'S wireless operator flashed a message of greeting to her promptly at midnight. The message was received while her cabin passengers were gathered in the saloon welcoming the new year. When the message was read to them it evoked round after round of cheering. Captain Massardo, the vessel's commander, thanked the HERALD for the courtesy when he reached the pier yesterday.

The Taormina, which came from Naples, experienced rough weather for almost her voyage and for three days was able to proceed at only four miles an hour. Her passengers said yesterday that the din of New Year's Eve in this city could be heard by them before they passed inside Sandy Hook.

THREE BARKS IN A 15,000 MILE RACE

Sailors and Skippers Wager Their Salaries on Result of the Puget Sound-Plymouth Contest.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

SEATTLE, Wash., Monday.—When the French bark General Faidherbe passed out of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca into the waters of the Pacific Ocean the other day, there was begun in earnest a three cornered race between sailing vessels over a 15,000 mile course, upon the result of which thousands of dollars will change hands. All three vessels are carrying grain from Puget Sound to the United Kingdom by way of Cape Horn.

The British bark Olivebank sailed from Puget Sound on December 14 for Plymouth, England, and was followed five days later by her sister ship, the Springbank. The French bark General Faidherbe departed on the long journey December 28, two weeks behind the Olivebank and nine days in the rear of the Springbank. Sailing time will settle the race. There is keen rivalry between the sailors and skippers of the two British sister ships, because of the fact that they are of identical build.

The sailors on the three windjammers have wagered practically all their salaries and valuables, and considerable money has been bet in marine circles here.

William J. Burns recounts the process by which he has wrung confessions from noted prisoners in next Sunday's NEW YORK HERALD.

JUDGE JUSTIFIES LYNCHING.

Oklahoma Court Refuses Investigation Into Hanging of Negro Who Slew Farmer.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

MUSKOGEE, Okla., Monday.—Declaring the lynching of William Turner, negro slayer of George Cason, was justified, the Judge in the Muldrow court refused to-day to order an investigation of the mob which hanged the man yesterday to a telegraph pole. Further trouble is feared, and negroes have been warned to stay off the streets of Muldrow and Saltisaw.

The chain of crime in which Turner spent his last day on earth has aroused the town against the blacks and whenever one emerged from the negro quarter he was driven back by a policeman.

Turner first stole an engine and rode into Muldrow. After derailing it he made his way to the Cason home, asked for shelter and then shot the farmer and attacked his wife.

The new Washington Irving High School, the largest non-coeducational institution of the kind in the world, trains girls for wedded life. See next Sunday's NEW YORK HERALD.

Kept from Dance, Girl Takes Poison

Miss May Donnelly, of Orange, Reproved by Parents, Drinks Carbolic in Front of Church.

Suffering from the effects of carbolic acid, said to have been taken because she was reproved by her parents, who would not permit her to attend a dance, Miss May Donnelly, nineteen years old, of No. 42 Taylor street, Orange, N. J., was reported to be dying last night in the Orange Memorial Hospital. Although the girl had drank the contents of a small vial, she was partly revived after being admitted to the hospital, and to the Rev. Matthias J. McDonald she is said to have admitted taking the acid intentionally, but expressed regret for her act and the grief it would cause her family.

While dressing for the dance she had planned to attend the girl quarrelled with her younger sister, because, it was said, the latter refused to loan some of her finery. The differences between the sisters led to a parental decision that the older girl would have to remain away from the dance.

Miss Donnelly left her home and went to a nearby drug store, where she obtained ten cents' worth of carbolic acid. She was known at the store, and as she gave a plausible reason for wanting the poison she had no difficulty in making the purchase.

With the bottle in her hand she walked a short distance along Centre street until she was opposite the main entrance of the Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. She stood for a moment gazing toward the church, and then a passerby saw her press something to her mouth and an instant later fall to the sidewalk.

Several men hurried to the girl's aid. She was badly burned about the mouth and was losing consciousness. On the sidewalk close to where she lay was a small empty bottle, bearing a carbolic acid label.

In an ambulance the girl was carried to the Orange Memorial Hospital, where she revived sufficiently to call for Father McDonald, of St. John's Roman Catholic Church. The priest hurried to the girl's side and heard her story.

1912 WINE BATH IS RECORD BREAKER

More Bottles Opened for the Newest Year Than for Any of Its Predecessors.

QUART EACH AVERAGE

Notwithstanding Deluge of Night, Thirst of Yesterday Was Not Assuaged.

It is the opinion of those who went through the celebration of Sunday night and yesterday afternoon that the incoming of 1911 was exceedingly subdued in comparison to the celebration of Mr. 1912, even if he did have to arrive on a rainy Sunday night.

More men and women celebrated the advent of the New Year, more bottles of wine were emptied and restaurants and hotels did more business than in the night just one year previous. There was more laughter and the women's gowns were more elaborte than in 1911; indeed the blare of joy was such as had never before been known in the city.

How much wine was drunk cannot be computed exactly, but in almost every one of the principal hotels more than one thousand bottles were opened.

Leap year had come and though the women—some of them, at least—might have a wrinkle or two more than they had in 1911, the young year was as welcome as a new gown to a débutante.

Cold Shower Popular.

New York had its good time and the cold shower was more welcome than a trip to Daytona beach. Headache remedies, too, were in demand.

More than two thousand persons were in Louis Martin's at one time and in all more than twice that number of celebrants went to that restaurant. At breakfast time there were more than four nundred men and women left to have boiled eggs, coffee and rolls.

In the Bresiln 2,500 quarts of wine disappeared. There was a guessing contest there as to who the young woman was who represented 1912. Walter D. Hines, of Portland, Me., recognized her as Nan Brennan, of the "Neverhomes" company, and he won the prize. At many of the tables in that hote. more than eighteen bottles of wine were opened.

The Knickerbocker was packed from eleven o'clock until past three yesterday morning, and the wine opened there totaled 3,449 bottles, about five hundred more than the year before. Big bells in each of the dining rooms hammered in the New Year, and there were many souvenirs for the woman, as well as others given by individuals.

More than a bottle of wine for each person who went to Churchill's, and other restaurants was said to be a conservative estimate, and in the St. Regis more than five hundred persons consumed as many quarts of wine. In the meantime there were a few cocktails, whiskies and other drinks.

The Ritz-Carlton had a happy old English evening, with a party of three hundred and fifty persons who indulged in nearly as many bottles of wine.

Crowd in Upper Broadway.

The management of the Ansonia proved it could bring Broadway's throng up to Seventy-third street. There were several fantastically garbed clowns in that hotel for the amusement of the men and women. They went into the dining-room on the stroke of twelve and turned handsprings and performed other feats.

And up in Harlem the young folk proved that the custom of calling on relatives on New Year's Day had not died out. In automobiles, carriages and even on bicycles they went to see each other.

After all the wine that disappeared the night before there the thirst of yesterday was not to be denied. And, oh, how welcome was the ice pitcher and the merry clink of the chunks againstthe sides thereof.

MANY CALL ON PRELATES.

Priests Make Round of New Year Visits, but Miss "Open House" of Cardinal Farley.

Hundreds of "Happy New Year" greetings were exchanged between prelates and priests of the Archdiocese of New York yesterday. It has long been the custom of Cardinal Farley to keep open house all New Year's day, but yesterday at the archiepiscopal residence, No. 452 Madison avenue, the curtains of the drawing room were down. The Cardinal leaves Naples for home Friday on board the Berlin.

Many priests, however, called to say "Happy New Year" to Mgr. Patrick J. Hayes, chancellor of the diocese. From the Cardinal's residence they went to No. 460 to pay their respects to Mgr. Michael J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and one of the three vicars general of the diocese. They then went to call on Bishop Thomas F. Cusack, at his rectory, in East Twenty-eighth street, near Lexington avenue.

Mgr. Joseph F. Mooney, senior vicar general, received many calls at his rectory, in West Fifty-first street, near First avenue.

William J. Burns recounts the process by which he has wrung confessions from noted prisoners in next Sunday's NEW YORK HERALD.

TRY 'HOBO KING' AS KIDNAPPER

Attorney Asserts Man Accused of Abducting Indiana Lad Is Student of Economics.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Monday.—James Corbett, who styles himself "Hobo King No. 2," was placed on trial to-day charged with kidnapping Harold Calbert, thirteen years old, on October 3. He was arrested in Toledo, where the boy says he was sent out to beg.

In court to-day young Calbert said that he had been coaxed to accompany Corbett to Cincinnati and from there to Toledo. The boy's story of ill treatment was regarded as one of the strongest points of the prosecution.

Corbett's attorney says the defendant attended Notre Dame University for eight years and later studied at the Catholic College, at Washington, D. C. Corbett, it was stated, began the life of a hobo that he might have first hand knowledge of economic conditions for a book. When he came here he was refused permission to lecture before the school children and the Calbert boy says he was kidnapped in retaliation.

"Dumaquilla, the Outlaw," is the title of a thrilling story of Philippines adventure in next Sunday's NEW YORK HERALD.

Finds Woman He Repulsed Dead on His Porch

Police Mystified by Shooting of Mrs. Minnie Palmer, Croton on Hudson, at Small Village Near Newburg.

NOTE TO C. V. PHELPS PINNED TO WAIST

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

NEWBURG, N. Y., Monday.—The police and Coroner are investigating the death of Mrs. Minnie Palmer, of Croton on Hudson, whose body was found on the rear porch of a building on the property of Charles V. Phelps in the outskirts of Balmville, two miles north of this city, at eight o'clock last night. There was a bullet wound in the right temple.

The woman, according to notes found in her handbag, evidently, say the police, was infatuated with Mr. Phelps. He is married and has a family living in Ossining, where he is employed as manager of the Chilmark estate. He had repulsed the woman, the authoritie report. That she designed to shoot Mr. Phelps is indicated, say the police, by the fact that two shots were fired, one going wild the other piercing her brain.

In the house at the time Mrs. Palmer met her death was Mr. Phelps. Beside him, Coroner Buss questioned to-day a young woman eighteen years old, who gave the name of Miss Electra Scribner. Coroner Buss says that in his investigation to-day he learned that the young woman is a student in Lady Cliff Academy, at Highland Falls, and that she obtained leave of absence for a New Year's trip to relatives in the upper part of the State.

News of the woman's death was reported to the police by Mr. Phelps at nine o'clock last night. He informed Police Chief Perrott that while he was seated in a rear room he heard two shots, and opening the door leading to the porch he found the body of a woman.

The police found the body lying on the portch, with the head resting two feet from a door and the feet pointing to a small stairway leading to the rear yard. Near the right hand was a revolver containing two empty cartridges, while in the left hand was a small leather handbag.

In the handbag were personal cards, an envelope containing the dead woman's photograph, some small change and other articles of trifling value. Two post cards were found, one in the bag, and the other pinned to the inside of the woman's waist just above her heart. Bothe cards were addressed to Charles V. Phelps, at Ossining, N. Y. Beneath the picture of the dead woman were the words:—"I hope you don't break any more hearts, as you have broken mine. I hope you and Miss Lamphere are happy. I hope and pray you will suffer as I have before you die. Minnie Palmer."

On the post card found in the waist beneath a picture of Mr. Phelps was written:—

"I am in the way after living for you for the last sixteen years. Am broken hearted. He has another and she has taken my place in his heart, so I expect I will be put out of the way, as I have been warned I would be. I am ready and waiting, for my heart is with him and no one else. MINNIE PALMER."

Coroner Buss said to-day that his investigations revealed the circumstances which puzzled him. He declined to express an opinion as to whether he believed the case one of suicide or otherwise. He said, however, that the facts appeared to show Mrs. Palmer ended her life, but that he was not yet prepared to say if he would accept that as his final theory.

Mr. Phelps is fifty-five years old. He owns the property on which the body was found, but it was occupied by a brother, Calvin Phelps, who with his family is visiting at Tannersville, N. Y. When asked if he knew Mrs. Palmer Mr. Phelps told the police she had annoyed him in the last few years.

"I met her at Croton some years ago," said Mr. Phelps to William S. Moo[illegible] county detective. "Her husband left h[illegible] sometime ago, and she followed persis[illegible]ently and wrote me frequently. That is [illegible] I know about her. As regards M[illegible] Scribner, who was on the upper floo[illegible] the time Mrs. Palmer shot herself, s[illegible] my ward and she accompanied me [illegible] brother's house on a brief visit. S[illegible] fine young woman and I am sorr[illegible] she as well as I have innocently [illegible] this mess."

When asked about the Miss La[illegible] referred to, Mr. Phelps said Mi[illegible]phere had returned to her home i[illegible]

Immediately after making hi[illegible]ment Mr. Phelps left this city for [illegible] in Ossining. He said he would be [illegible]ness to answer all questions. H[illegible] a witness at the inquest this w[illegible]

The dead woman was about t[illegible] years old. Little was known o[illegible]cept that she lived at Croton o[illegible] for four years. No informa[illegible] whereabouts of her husband [illegible]tained by the police. The a[illegible] Croton have been notified an[illegible] will be held until they are he[illegible] No one called at the morgue to-[illegible]view the body.

HER NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION IN CE[illegible]

Mrs. Morrow, of Chicago, Accused [illegible] Killing Husband, Makes Gathering a Move in Defence.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Monday.—The cell room at the Hyde Park police station was thrown open to-day so that Mrs. Rene Morrow might hold a New Year's reception, which she hopes will result in her exoneration of the charge of murdering her husband, Charles B. Morrow, who was found dead in his home last Thursday.

For two hours the woman whose verses have made her name known among magazine readers sat with fellow members of women's clubs and lodges and told them the secrets of her domestic life. She convinced them that she is guiltless of the charge of killing her husband.

Although the police continued to search for evidence against her and arrested Harry Gilmore, a lodger at the Morrow home, the woman's list of influential friends increased hourly. Mrs. Morrow's minister, the officers of her lodge and fellow members of organizations to which she belongs all maintained she was the victim of gossiping tongues.

Dr. Arthur Morrow, stepson of the dead man, was accused by Mrs. Morrow of making trouble in the household, and she intimated that a Hinsdale physician might be able to throw some light on the situation.

"This stepson was on bad terms [illegible] his father all the time," Mrs. Mo[illegible] the women.

"I can't tell how Mr. Morrow was killed because I do not know. I do know that all these stories of quarrels and trouble in the family that are being told are untrue. I am innocent of this terrible charge."

The young woman who has driven corruption out of West Hammond, Ill., is the subject of an article in next Sunday's NEW YORK HERALD.

DRY GOODS, &C. DRY GOODS, &C.

Men's Overcoats come into their own---at Saks'

¶ Thanks to the sharp and welcome change in the weather, the overcoat has come into its own—for service. But the overcoat eternally comes into its own, at Saks', for quality of fabric and workmanship, and for an imperishable individuality of style.

¶ Suppose that Jones, your guide, philosopher and friend, confided to you as follows: "My boy, if it's an overcoat you want, go to Saks'. Candidly, the collection of overcoat styles, fabrics and colorings, and the elastic range of prices in that store are not to be equalled the whole town through. All the claims of other shops are not a circumstance to what Saks & Company actually perform."

¶ We repeat: Suppose that Jones volunteered the foregoing solution of your overcoat problem. You would doubtless be influenced at least to the extent of putting his solution to the test. Precisely. Now, what we have in mind is to assume the role of Jones, if you will permit us. We would like to be promoted to the enviable role of guide, philosopher and friend to you on the overcoat question, for we are well able to qualify for all three. Also, we are in a much better position to tell you about ourselves than the original Jones himself.

¶ We offer for your guidance a collection of overcoat fabrics, colorings and styles which positively includes everything worth while in overcoats. We will convince you of the philosophy of buying your overcoat from tailors that are actually tailors, and not merely re-tailers. And if there is anything more required of sartorial friendship than a maximum of style, quality and service for a minimum of money, you will find us amenable to reason.

¶ The only thing we cannot give you in overcoats—is any instance of a man asking us for something in an overcoat that we had not got.

15.00 to 75.00

Blue Chinchilla the thing!

¶ It's all the rage this season for the well-dressed man. We have it in a great variety of models, including belted effects. Has a dragoon-like swagger about it, and is the quintessence of style.

B'way Saks & Company at 34th St.